



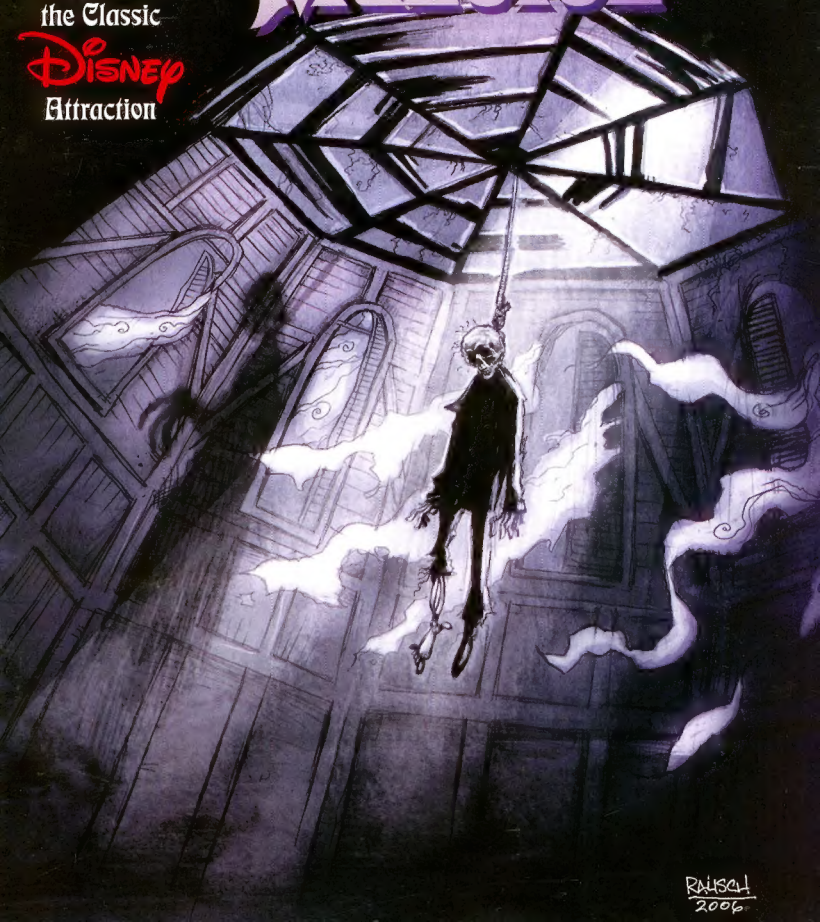
#6

\$2.95

Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction

Haunted Mansion



Rausch
2006

Welcome, Foolish Mortals

Doom of the Diva

Baroness Elda, diva with an attitude to match her girth, is about to give the performance of a lifetime. Will she bring down the house?

by Alice and Andy Price

Mystery of the Manse Part Six

In the final installment of the history of the mysteries of Gracey Manor, Master Gracey hints at the future of the haunted manse.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Mike Moss

Lettering by David Hedgecock

The Final Interview

Sarah's dead-set on becoming one of the happy haunts of Gracey Manor, but the caretaker has some wisdom to share with her.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Drew Rausch

Lettering by David Hedgecock

HAUNTED MANSION

SLG PUBLISHING

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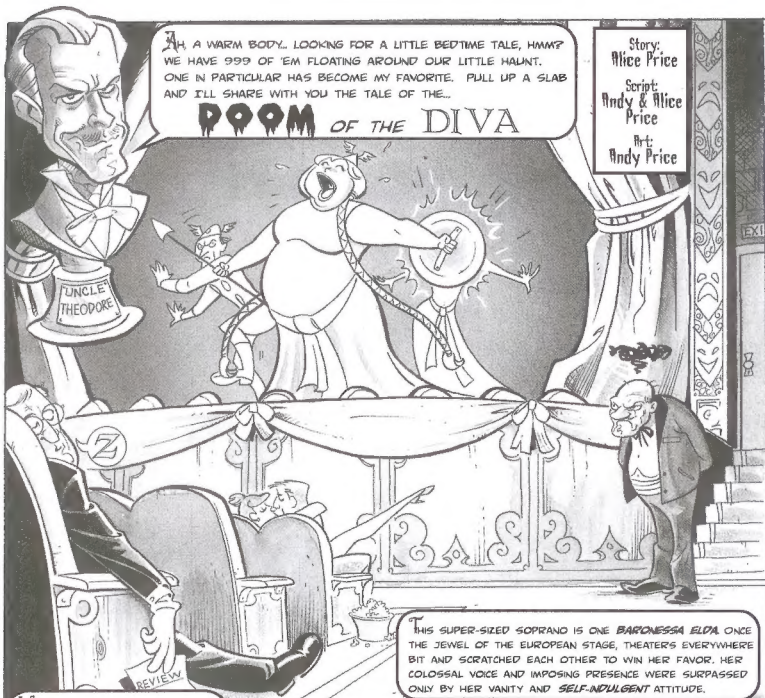
Send Letters to
Bloody Kevin
c/o SLG Publishing
P.O. Box 26427
San Jose, CA 95159

Haunted Mansion #6,
May 2007. Published by
SLG Publishing, P.O.
Box 26427, San Jose, CA
95159-6427. Contents are
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AH, A WARM BODY... LOOKING FOR A LITTLE BEDTIME TALE, HMM? WE HAVE 999 OF 'EM FLOATING AROUND OUR LITTLE HAUNT. ONE IN PARTICULAR HAS BECOME MY FAVORITE. PULL UP A SLAB AND I'LL SHARE WITH YOU THE TALE OF THE...

DOOM OF THE DIVA

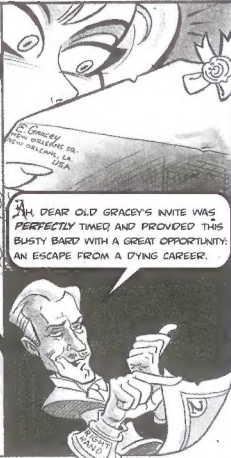
Story:
Alice Price
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Andy & Alice Price
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Andy Price



THIS SUPER-SIZED SOPRANO IS ONE **BARONESSA ELDA**. ONCE THE JEWEL OF THE EUROPEAN STAGE, THEATERS EVERYWHERE BIT AND SCRATCHED EACH OTHER TO WIN HER FAVOR. HER COLOSSAL VOICE AND IMPOSING PRESENCE WERE SURPASSED ONLY BY HER VANITY AND **SELF-INDULGENT** ATTITUDE.

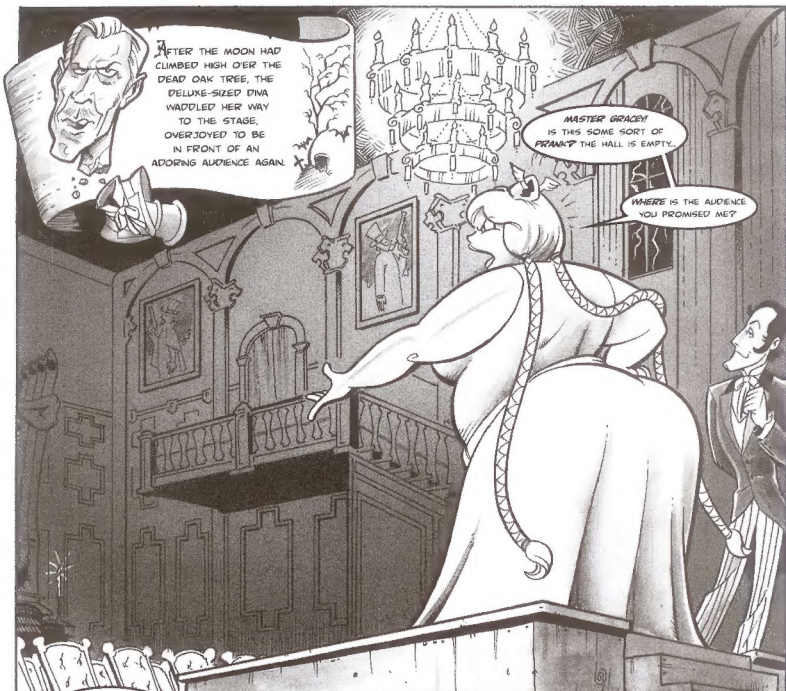
UNFORTUNATELY, OL FATSO'S LUCK HAD RECENTLY... PASSED AWAY. HER REPUTATION AS AN ABUSIVE BATTLE-AXE BEGAN TO OVERSHADOW HER FAME, AND **TSK**, FINALLY STRANGLED IT TO DEATH.

DUE TO DECLINING ATTENDANCE, YOUR SERVICES WILL NO LONGER BE REQUIRED...
The Manager



AH, DEAR OLD GRACEY'S NOTE WAS PERFECTLY TIMED! AND PROVIDED THIS BUSY BARD WITH A GREAT OPPORTUNITY: AN ESCAPE FROM A DYING CAREER.





AFTER THE MOON HAD CLIMBED HIGH OVER THE DEAD OAK TREE, THE DELUXE-SIZED DINA WADDLED HER WAY TO THE STAGE, OVERJOYED TO BE IN FRONT OF AN ADORING AUDIENCE AGAIN.

MASTER GRACEY
IS THIS SOME SORT OF
FRANK? THE HALL IS EMPTY.

WHERE IS THE AUDIENCE
YOU PROMISED ME?

MY DEAR BARONESSA,
I *PROMISE* YOUR AUDIENCE
IS NEAR. IF YOU WILL BUT
BEGIN YOUR ARIA, THEY WILL APPEAR!



I'VE NEVER
HEARD SUCH
ABSURDITY...

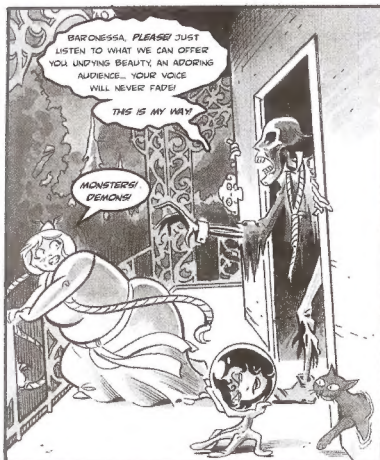


THOSE WHOPPING LUNGS WAILED OUT AN ARIA THE LIKES OF WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN HEARD AMONGST OUR HALLOWED HALLS... AND *THESE* WALLS HAVE HEARD SOME WAILING! BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE OUR VAN CELEBRITY DESIRED TO SEE ALL THOSE ADORING EYES UPON HER.

QUI IL PADRE PUO SERVIRE LA DICA







AMAZING HOW ONE'S POINT OF VIEW CAN CHANGE IN A SNAP! THE BARONESSA SOON FOUND THAT HER BEAUTY AND VOICE WOULD NEVER FADE, AND THAT SUITED HER JUST FINE. NOT TO MENTION HER ETERNAL AUDIENCE.

NOW SHE BELTS OUT HER BEST, HELPING THE CREEPY CREEPS AND GRAVEYARD GHOULS TO SHRIEK AND TERRORIZE. SHE EVEN GETS A CHANCE TO ENCHANT A NEW AUDIENCE, WHEN WE CAN SCARE UP A LIVE ONE!

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, KIDDIES... IT'S OVER WHEN THE FAT LADY SINGS! AT LEAST, IT'S OVER FOR YOU!

Andy Price '06

Mystery of the Manse: Final Chapter

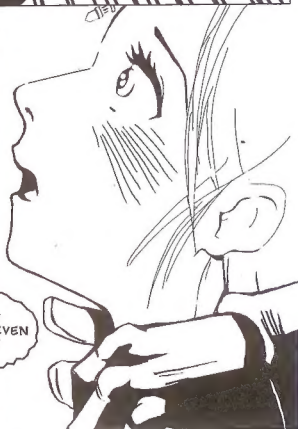
SO, FELLOW TRAVELERS, WE FINALLY FIND OURSELVES AT THE *END* OF MY STORY...

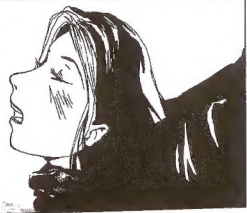
.. AND AT THE END OF MY ROPE.

THE LONG DROP AND THE SHORT STOP WAS NOT THE REAL END FOR ME, THOUGH, BUT I GUESS YOU FIGURED THAT OUT ON YOUR OWN.

WHEN I DEPRIVED HER OF HER LIFE, MADAME LEOTA WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEANCE ATTEMPTING TO SUMMON THE SPIRITS OF MY OLD CAPTAIN AND CREW.

HER JEALOUS PLOT TO RUIN MY LIFE HAD AN EFFECT EVEN SHE COULD NOT PREDICT.

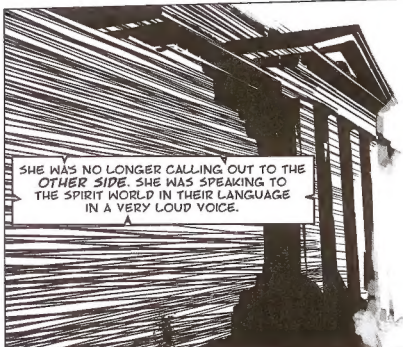




PERHAPS IT WAS THE SUDDENNESS
OF HER DEATH, OR PERHAPS IT WAS
THE SHEER VIOLENCE OF IT.

WHATEVER THE CASE, WHEN
LEOTA DIED, HER SCREAMS
CREATED A STRONG VIBRATION...

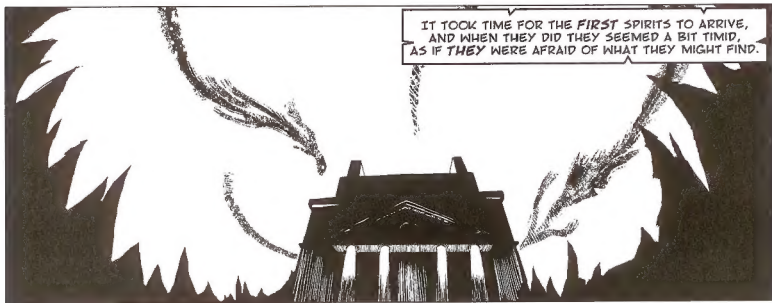
A VIBRATION FELT ONLY BY **GHOSTS!**




LEOTA HAD DIED, BUT THE END
CAME SO QUICKLY SHE DIDN'T
REALIZE SHE WAS DEAD. SHE
CONTINUED HER SEANCE IN HER
SPIRIT FORM.

SHE WAS NO LONGER CALLING OUT TO THE
OTHER SIDE. SHE WAS SPEAKING TO
THE SPIRIT WORLD IN THEIR LANGUAGE
IN A VERY LOUD VOICE.


MY HOME HAD BECOME A **BEACON**
FOR **WAYWARD GHOSTS**.



IT TOOK TIME FOR THE **FIRST** SPIRITS TO ARRIVE,
AND WHEN THEY DID THEY SEEMED A BIT TIMID,
AS IF **THEY** WERE AFRAID OF WHAT THEY MIGHT FIND.



THE **FIRST** TO ARRIVE WERE THE SOULS FROM THE
LOCAL GRAVEYARDS. SOULS AND SPIRITS WHO HAD
NOT YET CROSSED OVER, THE CURSED AND THE
UNDEAD...



ALL OF THE WANDERING **POLTERGEISTS** WHO
HAD FLOATED ON THE PERIPHERY OF MY HOME
BUT HAD NOT DARED SHOW THEIR FACES.

LEOTA KEPT CALLING, AND AS SHE CALLED
THEY KEPT GOING. SPIRITS FROM ALL WALKS
OF THE AFTERLIFE:

THE VIRTUOUS AND THE VILLAINOUS...

THE FAMOUS AND
THE INFAMOUS...

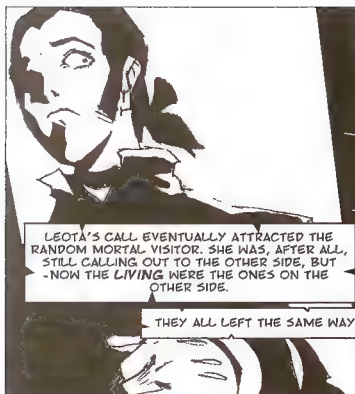
EVERYONE FELT AT
HOME, NO MATTER HOW
OUT OF PLACE THESE
FRIGHTS SEEMED.

SO INTENSE WAS
LEOTA'S FOCUS
THAT, UPON HER
DEATH, HER SOUL
TRANSFERRED
ITSELF INTO HER
CRYSTAL BALL.

AND THE MORE SHE CALLED,
THE MORE THEY CAME, ALL
HOPING TO FIND A PLACE
THEY COULD CALL HOME.

SHE CONTINUED HER SIREN
LIKE CALLS TO THE SPIRIT
WORLD, BLISSFULLY
UNAWARE OF HER OWN
DEMISE.

THOOON



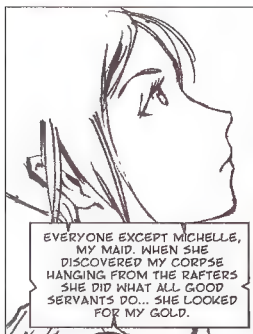
LEOTA'S CALL EVENTUALLY ATTRACTED THE RANDOM MORTAL VISITOR. SHE WAS, AFTER ALL, STILL CALLING OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE, BUT - NOW THE LIVING WERE THE ONES ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THEY ALL LEFT THE SAME WAY...

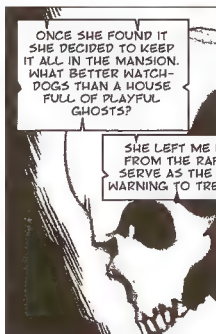


IN A PANIC AND HAPPY TO GET OUT ALIVE.

THE WORD THAT GRACEY MANSION WAS A PLACE TO STAY AWAY FROM SPREAD AMONG THE LOCALS, AND EVERYONE STAYED AWAY.

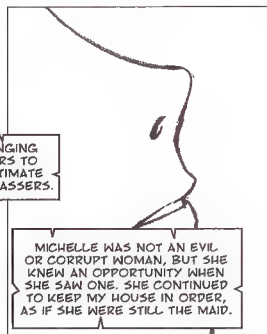


EVERYONE EXCEPT MICHELLE, MY MAID. WHEN SHE DISCOVERED MY CORPSE HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS SHE DID WHAT ALL GOOD SERVANTS DO... SHE LOOKED FOR MY GOLD.

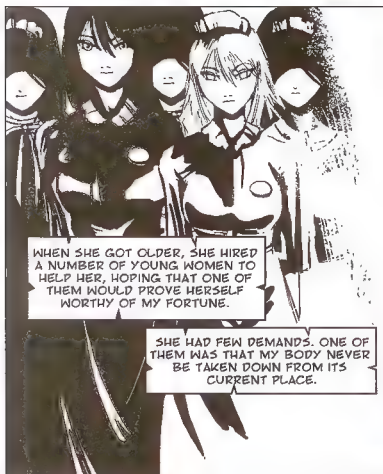


ONCE SHE FOUND IT SHE DECIDED TO KEEP IT ALL IN THE MANSION. WHAT BETTER WATCH-DOGS THAN A HOUSE FULL OF PLAYFUL GHOSTS?

SHE LEFT ME HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS TO SERVE AS THE ULTIMATE WARNING TO TRESPASSERS.

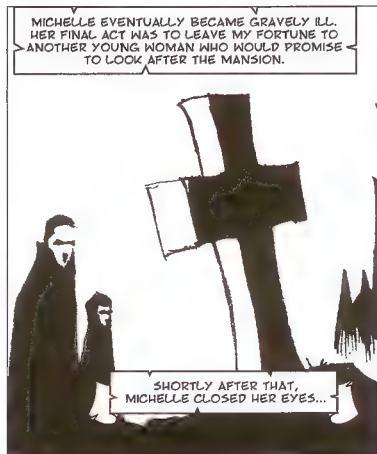


MICHELLE WAS NOT AN EVIL OR CORRUPT WOMAN, BUT SHE KNEW AN OPPORTUNITY WHEN SHE SAW ONE. SHE CONTINUED TO KEEP MY HOUSE IN ORDER, AS IF SHE WERE STILL THE MAID.



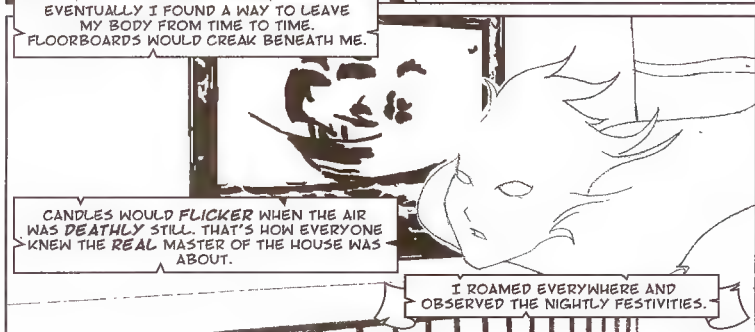
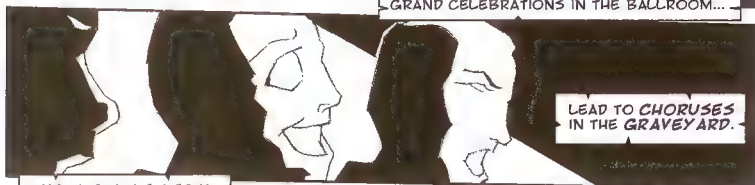
WHEN SHE GOT OLDER, SHE HIRED A NUMBER OF YOUNG WOMEN TO HELP HER, HOPING THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD PROVE HERSELF WORTHY OF MY FORTUNE.

SHE HAD FEW DEMANDS. ONE OF THEM WAS THAT MY BODY NEVER BE TAKEN DOWN FROM ITS CURRENT PLACE.



MICHELLE EVENTUALLY BECAME GRAVELY ILL. HER FINAL ACT WAS TO LEAVE MY FORTUNE TO ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN WHO WOULD PROMISE TO LOOK AFTER THE MANSION.

SHORTLY AFTER THAT, MICHELLE CLOSED HER EYES...



EVERYWHERE BUT THE ATTIC.

I HAVE NOT GONE BACK TO THE SPOT
WHERE MY BRIDE DIED SINCE THE DAY
I RAN SCREAMING FROM IT.

THE DOOR IS SEALED AND
NONE OF THE RESIDENTS HAVE
EVER DISTURBED HER REST.

AND SO
HERE WE ARE,
YOU AT THE END OF
MY STORY, ME AT THE END
OF MY ROPE, HANGING FOR
ETERNITY AND SCARING OFF
THE OCCASIONAL VISITOR
AND TREASURE
HUNTER LIKE
YOURSELF.

I DON'T
THINK I HAVE
EVER TOLD ANYONE
MY ENTIRE
STORY. MAYBE YOU
KNOW TOO MUCH
NOW.

THAT'S RIGHT,
STEP LIVELY. GETTING
IN IS EASY. THE CHALLENGE
IS TO FIND A WAY OUT
BEFORE YOU JOIN THE
REST OF US.

THERE ARE
999 HAPPY HAUNTS
IN THIS PLACE, BUT THERE
IS ALWAYS ROOM FOR
A THOUSAND!!!!

HAHA
HAHAHA
HAHA

END


THE FINAL INTERVIEW

Words by Dan Vado

Art by Drew Rausch




SARAH!!!!



Sarah?!!
Sarah are you
here?

That
woman was
out of her mind
coming to a place
like this looking
for a job.



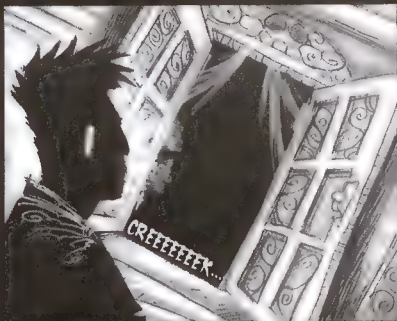
Now she
thinks that if she dies
here, she's going to join
some big never-ending
ghost party.



Sarah?!



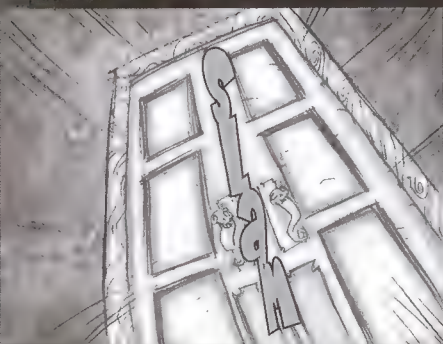
Gah!




CREEEEEEEEK...



She's going to be the death of me yet. If she would just...




Welcome Foolish Mortal...



Are you
sure this is the
place you want,
lady?



Yes,
yes, thank
you.



Steve's
car? He must
have come here
to stop me.




STEVE?!



Lookin'
for somethin',
miss?




Uh
uhhhh...
who...

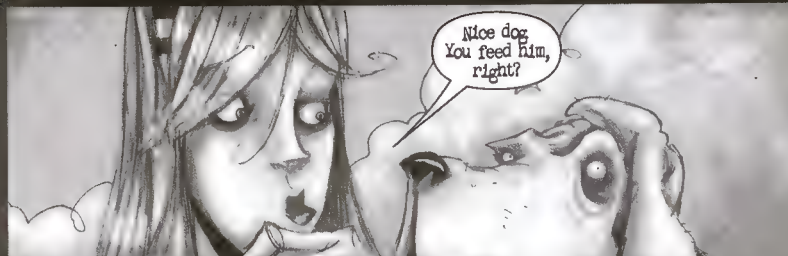


I'm the
CARETAKER here
and I promise you
anythin' yer LOOKIN'
fer, ya ain't gonna
find here.


SNIFF
SNIFF



Don't
be so sure. You
don't even know
what I'm here
for.



Nice dog.
You feed him,
right?



Don't you
be sayin' nuthin'
bad about old
Boney.

He has
enough in him
to live with the
infernal ghosts.
Don't you,
boy?



Ghosts!?
So, you know
about them?
You've seen
them?

Seen 'em? Yeah, I've seen 'em. They're the reason I'm here.

My wife and I moved here in '69. She was a school teacher and I took a job as a janitor in the same school.

I told her I took the job because it would be easier if we both worked in the same place, but truth was I couldn't stand being apart from her,

Not even for a minute.

We were happy, but it didn't last long. My wife, she got real sick. Thank heavens she passed quick. Didn't linger.

The day she died was the first day we spent apart since the day we met.

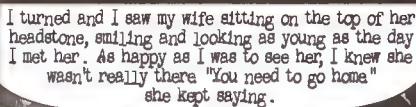
One of the nurses saw how upset I was, so she told me a secret, a secret about this place. She said if I buried my wife in the graveyard here, that I would see her every day. She said her mom worked out here as a maid and that she could make the arrangements for me. I figured she was crazy, but I had to bury her somewhere and this place was as good as any. So, I laid her to rest here in a simple casket, just the way she would've wanted.

Next day I came back to visit the grave. I was just going to leave flowers and go, but once I got here I realized

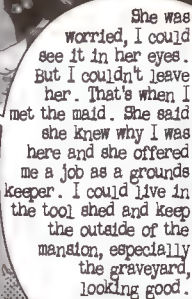
I really had nowhere to go so I just sat here and nodded off. I slept so long that the caretaker woke me, it was dark out.

I heard a voice from behind me say: "You should go home and get warm, dear."

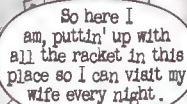




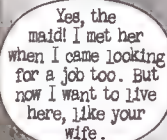
I turned and I saw my wife sitting on the top of her headstone, smiling and looking as young as the day I met her. As happy as I was to see her, I knew she wasn't really there "You need to go home" she kept saying.



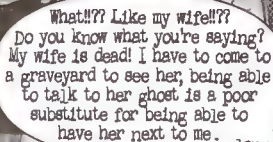
She was worried, I could see it in her eyes. But I couldn't leave her. That's when I met the maid. She said she knew why I was here and she offered me a job as a grounds keeper. I could live in the tool shed and keep the outside of the mansion, especially the graveyard, looking good.



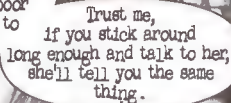
So here I am, puttin' up with all the racket in this place so I can visit my wife every night.



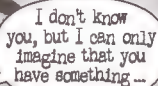
Yes, the maid! I met her when I came looking for a job too. But now I want to live here, like your wife.



What!?!? Like my wife!?!? Do you know what you're saying? My wife is dead! I have to come to a graveyard to see her, being able to talk to her ghost is a poor substitute for being able to have her next to me.



Trust me, if you stick around long enough and talk to her, she'll tell you the same thing.



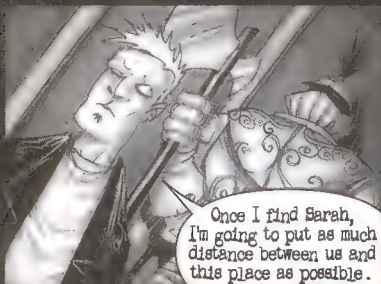
I don't know you, but I can only imagine that you have something...

...or someone to live for.



Where the heck am I?

This place is just too creepy.



Your cadaverous pallor
betrays an aura of
foreboding, mortal
one

I know
what you are
thinking...

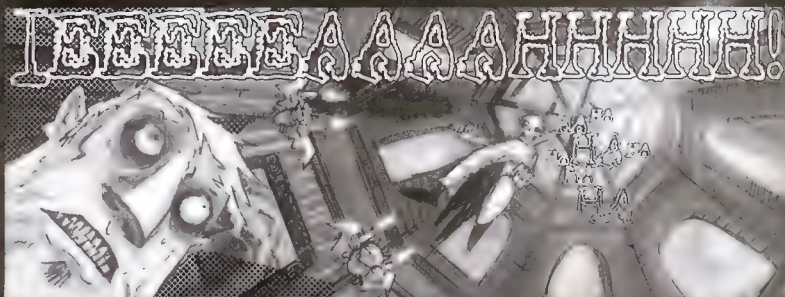
What
the?

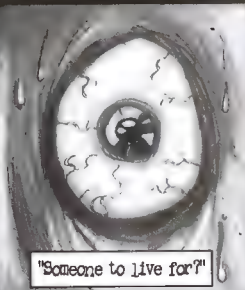
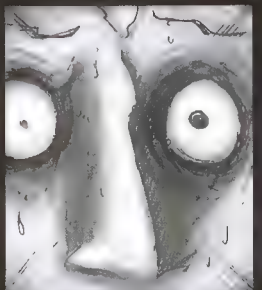
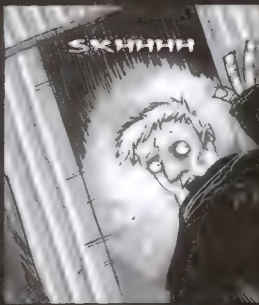
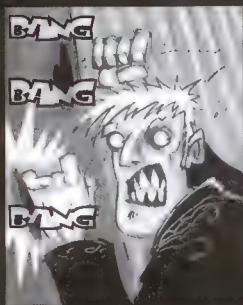
...is this room
stretching or is it
just your imagination?
Is the voice you're hearing
a product of the wind
whipping through this
mansion's drafty halls,
or something more?

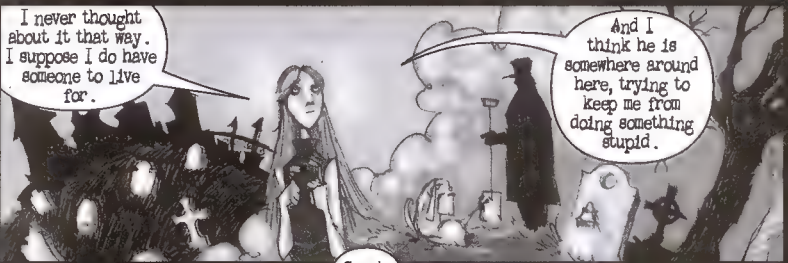
While you
ponder those conundrums,
consider this dismaying
observation — this chamber
has no windows and no doors,
Which offers you this
chilling challenge: to
find a Way out!!

Of course,
there is always
my way...

CLICK







I never thought about it that way. I suppose I do have someone to live for.

And I think he is somewhere around here, trying to keep me from doing something stupid.

Sarah, is that you?

OH! Hello...

How wonderful to see that you are all right.

But what are you doing here?

Well, I came here to die so I could live here forever. But Dick here convinced me that wasn't such a great idea. And from the looks of the car in the driveway, my boyfriend had the same thought, but where is...

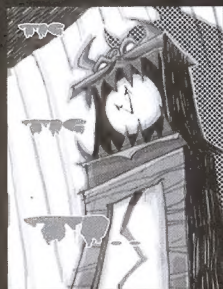
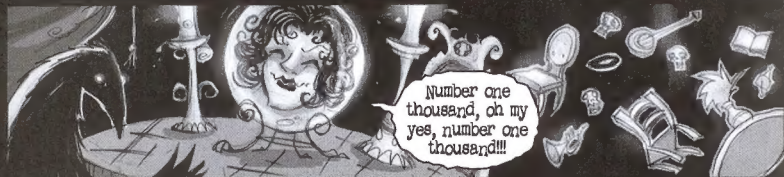
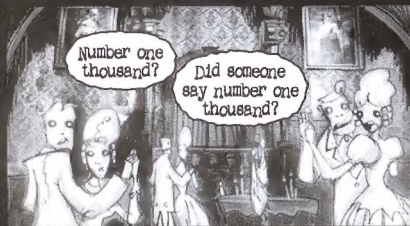
Sarraah!

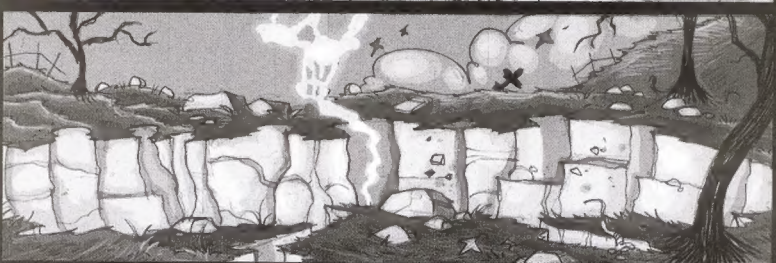
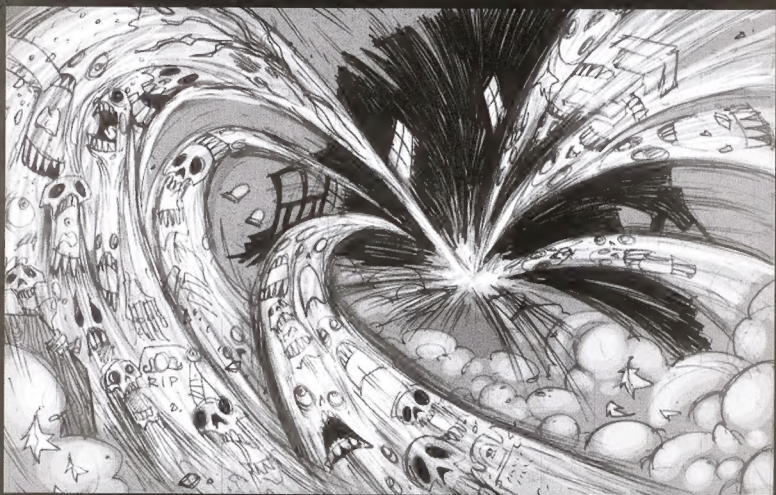
Steve?

No, no dear...

Let me go in and get him.

The mansion isn't a safe place for someone not accustomed to the residents.









DARTH SCANNER
DARTH SCANNER



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